

His radius short -- getting shorter --
he'd had, herd, honored, his mutter;
but would have known how
everywhere is Nowhere.

No marathon illusion had hooked him;
but he'd have got It, all the same.

So he'd boxed written likeness in there
with his head, which -- had he
juiced the guts, equal to ...

lopping himself --
would have spoken as little

as MacDonald once had, about Scott
(Walter, Sir)
with that callipered bust.

That had done it: he'd worked well enough to defile
every clue in the body

(his childhood's)

His manuscripts proved this, ungreening.

-- James Boyer May

Stranger

A stranger

Passing the looking glass of night

Shuffling petals on a floor

Long shouted slant-wise

To a fractured child,

Could not see the struggling snail

Making silver-sounds in time,

Unless he too moved silently through glass.

-- Nina deVoe